# MAHARSHI
# THAYUMANAR

BY

YOGI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATIAR

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# MAHARSHI THAYUMANAR

## (HIS LIFE AND TEACHINGS)

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YOGI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATIAR



ANBU NILAYAM

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# PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The soul-thrilling hymns of *Maharshi Tayumanar* are sung in every Tamil home. They are sublime *Upanishads*. They inspired the author of this book, *Yogi Shuddhananda Bharatiar*, in his boyhood. The Yogi dedicates this humble flower of love to the Jnani Tayumanar. This is our seventh English publication. We hope that a study of this book will kindle the Divine spark latent in every heart.

*Ramachandrapuram,*
21—4—1946. } **ANBU NILAYAM.**

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# MAHARSHI TAYUMANAR

*(His Life and Teachings)*

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## CHAPTER I

### THE SONG THAT BROUGHT PEACE

Who tenants this body? Who departs from it? What is the purpose of life and living here? Who is this self-asserting I? Who speaks in me? Who listens? Who tastes with the tongue? Who thinks with the mind? Who sees with the eyes?

I often lost myself in such reflections, while I was a boy. The world of modes was my open book. Inner quest was my study. I often kept aloof from home and society, to contemplate upon the ultimate truth, in lonely corners. The quarrels of vital passions and the noise of learned disputations, disgusted me. Home and school resented and rated my dreamy mood and crazy life. One day, I was severely belaboured for negligence in study; I ran to the feet of the Goddess, my true Mother, at the Madura temple, clasped Her feet and broke into tears of emotion

crying, "Mother, reveal me the Truth! Why was I born? Why do I live in this body? Who am I? How can I be happy?" I felt an opening and a descent. I lisped in numbers, "Lead me, O Light!"

It was nine at night; the moon was bright. A song from the Golden-Lotus tank outside the sanctum, thrilled in my ears. I was philo-musical; I ran forward to drink that sweet song. A few wandering monks were singing it:

"Friend, thou art not the five elements, not the senses; nor even the mind. Reflect within and know that thou art Divine Consciousness. Friend, He asked me to see all, through *Grace*; I saw things through my brain; alas! I missed my self in the gloom of ignorance. Friend, He, my blissful Master, the sole Beloved of true lovers, creates, sustains and removes; through all these manifold functions, He remains unattached Witness, the clever Labourer. Reflect over this Witness-attitude and act likewise, friend! Speak not of this, that, here or there; say nor yes nor no. If you want bliss, enter into silence and be conscious of That. Have a vision of the Satchidananda (Existence-Knowledge-Bliss) that luminously pervades all. Friend, the Silent One possessed me

and gave me a speechless Word: He silenced my tall talk and drove off the devil, desire. He struck at the root of my false nature, raised me to a bliss beyond phenomena and made me Himself, to my extreme delight. Oh what a delight, my friend! Know the Real Light in the heart; rise above love and hatred; transcend the mutable nature; realise the Truth before the body falls. Get not entangled in the net of lust and lure of worldly pursuits. Find out the thought-centre and be centred there. There thou art. Friend, my holy Sire gave me a brilliant sword of knowledge to cut asunder the bewildering charms of sex, gold and earth, which delude the mind. At-one-ment is the mission of life. Friend, He, the supreme Beloved, made me Himself! Oh the delight of that identity!"

This was the substance of that sublime Tamil-Upanishad. The song brought me instant peace. I learnt the song from the Sadhus and for the first time knew the author, *Maharshi Tayumanar*. I bought a book for four annas and kept it as my treasure. That book, the Hymns of Tayumanar, and the Gita are the two lungs of my spiritual being.

# CHAPTER II

## MY COMPANION

From that day, *Tayumanar* became my faithful guide and companion. It has solved all my doubts, removed my gloom and given me extreme joy and peace. Every line of that book is a message of the heart to the soul. Every message is a vision of the Truth. Every truth is a spiritual intuition of the supreme sage who has reached the highest plane of Bliss-Consciousness-Light. I have not yet found a Book of the Spirit's Hymns in such lucid, simple, straight, bright words, so profoundly true, so saturated with self-knowledge. The Hymns of Tayumanar are inspired torrents from the immortal heights. They flow from the eternal fountain of rapture with abundance of mercy to cherish the hungering souls here. They are a transforming force. They reveal a new delight at each reading. The whole humanity can study it; it appeals to every religion; it is a common Book of prayer. Every hymn is a gem of life. It is an enchanting flute-voice of the soul that is ever touching our souls. The poet was the song, and the song, the poet.

"There is One Supreme Spirit that pervades all lives. All are one body in That. That Spirit

is beyond caste and creed and dogma. It is the Life of lives everywhere. What is in you is the very Spirit that is in all. So, regard all as your Self. Everyone, irrespective of caste, religion or clime can enjoy spiritual bliss in the heart. Be conscious; live in Grace; do Its will, unattached to work and its fruit. Ascetic or householder, live in conscious union with the Divine That; you can enjoy eternal bliss here; and that enjoyment is the crown of existence."

These are a few random sparks from the flaming wisdom of Tayumanar. Tayumanar is a Seer of Truth-Light; he lived all his life in cosmic consciousness. He is a supreme example of a genuine householder and a God-conscious saint. His song was his life: let us see how.

## CHAPTER III

### WHO IS THIS BOY?

The rock temple at Trisirapuram (Trichinopoly) is a marvel of Indian architecture. It can be seen from a great distance. It enshrines the image of Tayumana Swami. The sanctum has a vibrating force. Many saints have dedi-

cated thrilling hymns to the Deity there enshrined. The temple is busy with crowds of devotees singing devotional songs and dancing in ecstasy. Among them we see a brilliant boy, fair in colour, tall in stature, with rosy cheeks, lotus face and phosphorescent eyes full of grace and rays of knowledge. The boy contemplates deeply upon the Divine for a while and then leaves the crowd. He quickly gets up to the topmost temple of the hill. There is Ganesa there. The boy sits self-immersed, meditates a while, and then sings :

"Rare is human birth, rarer than countless births. Missing this, I know not what will happen, what other birth will be my lot. While yet I live on this earth, in this body, with heart and soul I must revel in the ecstasy of the clouds that pour in hymnal torrents from the hallowed heaven of Grace! That is the unique delight of my life. Until I realise it, until I attain that stage, dwell in this body, O Lord! Make this tabernacle strong and virile, flooding it with the gracious Cosmic Energy (the Maha Kundalini). Shower the nectar of immortality from the moon-plane on the Sahasrara. This is my aspiring prayer. Fulfil my aspiration, O ye perfect Masters and equal-visioned sages of the Vedantic and Siddhantic Truth."

The boy seeks his spiritual Teacher to initiate him in the secret of the divine art of living. He descends and stands again before Lord Tayumanar and pours out a hymn :

"Salutations to the immaculate supreme Purity, free from caste, creed, birth, death, pedigree, bondage, liberation, form, name and attributes ! Salutations to the super-conscious Abundance, the limitless Space, the Grace-Light beyond the mental plane, that lives in and moves everything, everywhere ?"

The boy becomes silent in meditation, tears gushing out of his eyes in pearl drops of ecstasy.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE PIOUS PARENTS

A tall stately man comes in haste. He looks here and there. He catches hold of the boy, saying, "Come home ; how long are you to be here? Come !" That is his father, Kediliappa. "Kediliappa" literally means immortal Father. Born to this mortal father, the boy sought the true Eternal Father in the Heart. This saintly boy is our *Tayumanar*. He was named after the Deity of the Rock-Temple. How did it happen ?

Keldiliappa had originally lived in Vedaranyam, a famous pilgrim centre. He was the trustee of the local Shiva temple. He was a learned man, high in intellect and wide in heart. His wife Gajavalli was a pious lady humming devotional songs while attending to house-keeping. Their home was surrounded by a divine aureole. The liberality of their hearts expressed itself in charity and hospitality. There was a royal dignity in the personality of Kediliappa, a remarkable sweetness in his words. His elder brother, Vedaranyam, a great scholar well placed in life, had no children. The shade of disappointment gloomed his heart. Kediliappa offered his own boy, Siva Chidambaram, in adoption to the elder brother, saying "Brother, have my boy, God will give me another!" The brother's face glowed with joy and there was sunlight again in his life.

## CHAPTER V

### THE KING'S FAVOUR

Those were days of the Naik kings. The Pandyan dynasty had declined. The Naik chiefs of Vijayanagar possessed the Madura Kingdom (1559-1736). Viswanatha, Tirumalai, Rani Mangammal were noteworthy rulers of Madura. They

were great patrons of art and poesy. The grandson of Mangammal was Vijaya Ranga Chokkanatha. He set up his residence at Trichinopoly. He was a pious man, but not a statesman. He ruled for twentyseven years (1704-1731). His kingdom was often attacked by the Maharattas and the Mussalmans. He wanted strong assistants. His minister, Govindappa, one day came to Vedaranyam. Keldiliappa received the august guest, with temple honours and entertained him under his hospitable roof. Both of them spoke on religion and politics. The Minister said, "Kedili, you are a scholar, a devotee, an astute statesman, a clever diplomat and a keen accountant. You are just the man that we are seeking. Come with me and serve the King". Kediliappa shifted his family to Trichinopoly. King Chokkanatha, pleased even at firstsight, took Kedili into his council and gave him a free hand in the management of his household. Kedili gave a good account of himself, was faithful to the king, alert in fulfilling his commands and timely in advising him against danger. Chokkanatha treated him more like a brother than an employee. Kedili's fortune flourished day by day and his fame too. There was only one gloomy spot in his life; that was the absence of a child to cheer his home.

He and his wife daily went to the rock-temple and prayed to Swami Tayumanar for a child. They fed Sadhus liberally and made gifts to scholars. Kedili had the Tevaram and the Tiruvachakam chanted daily at home and appointed a pandit to read the lives of holy saints and Bhaktas. He also arranged for Vedic recitals before the sanctum of Tayumanar. While the atmosphere was thus charged with holy songs and mantras, his wife Gajavalli bore a brilliant child. The child drank the Aryo-Dravidian Vedic milk while yet in his mother's womb. Gajavalli spent her days in doing Panchakshara (Om Namasivaya) and in hearing hymns and puranas. One day, devotees were chanting the soul-thrilling psalms of Maniccavachakar, when Gajavalli delivered the gifted child. That child was named *Tayumanavar*, for it was born by the grace of Tayumana Swami. Kedili was overjoyed at the sight of his luminous son, full of smiles and radiant beauty. Temple bells rang blessings on the child.

## CHAPTER VI

### LEARNING AND YEARNING

Every one was attracted to this lovely child. King Chokkanatha admired the boy and marked

him for the ministry. The father brought the son up with high hopes. He taught him Tamil and Sanskrit, spiritual lore and statecraft. The king was well satisfied with his progress. He was the cynosure of saints and scholars. He was an adept in Vedanta and Siddhanta. He read with rapture the hymns of Maniccavachakar, Appar, Sambandhar and Sundarar. He mastered the Meikanda Sastras.

He studied the Upanishads, side by side with Tiruvachakam. He was a clever logician and none could beat him in discussions. But was he satisfied with mere learning? No. Books did not reveal the Blessed One cradled in his heart. Words did not quench his thirst. From sunrise to sunset, he was seeking for something within, for somebody that can lead him to the fount of Self-Conscious Bliss. He had a rich home. He had free access to the King's palace. He was welcomed in royal circles. But the born Jnanin preferred solitude to company, reflection to reading and self-discrimination to speaking. Words were a burden to him, and books, bundles of egoism. He went often to the rock-temple and spent his time in meditation and prayer. In the bosom of purified calmness, in the silent seclusion of inner peace, he sought the self-reality with all the fervour of his

faith. His eyes flowed into tears of yearning. Suns and moons burdened his hungry soul. His lips throbbed with songs of spiritual melancholy. He had the sage-mind of Pattinattar, the contemplation of the Buddha, the inspiration of the Vedic seers, the fervour of Maniccavachakar, the humility of Appar and the faith of Sambandhar. Nuggets of golden truth, cast in brilliant couplets, came first out of the inner mine. Then longer poems flowed out spontaneously. Showering tear-pearls gushing out of his lotus eyes, the boy saluted and contemplated upon the Suprene.

" It is the one spotless, limitless, omnipresent, pure, effulgent Reality, beyond thought and word, distant yet near, active yet aloof; It is the Life of lives, ever free, perfect Bliss, the delight of pure hearts, sweeter than milk, honey, fruit, sugar and nectar. That alone is worth contemplation. It is in my heart, a fountain of Bliss. But, alas, I cannot reach it. What is the good of my learning, if it does not satisfy my yearning? Come, Master, guide me!

" False book-worms making useless queries, devoid of compassion, indulging in rule by murder and plunder, in drink, in debauchery, in ruthless falsehood—these I see around me, and no good.

Learning without acting is of no avail. I am a man in name merely, without the manly virtues. Does not Thy omniscience know my plight? What is to be my course? The ignorant get light; I have only Thy Grace for my guidance. Save, Almighty Lord, this pretender also; Master of mantra, Master of Yoga, O Silent Master, come and save me! Wouldst Thou not?"

Thus would the lad send an aspiring call from within. He got impatient of learned conceit and lagomachy.

"Perfect Masters, equal Masters of Vedanta and Siddhanta, blessed, twice blessed are the illiterate! Shame upon my literate ignorance! Shame upon my act and thought! When the wise hail Jnana, I uphold Karma. When any one upholds Karma, I syllogise on Jnana. Before a Sanskrit scholar, I expatiate in Tamil. If a Tamil scholar comes, I confront him with Sanskrit quotations. Thus I have learnt to threaten others with my book-lore? Can this verbal knowledge liberate me? Never, never!

"Is it to scare away pundits by showering word-torrents that I am learned? Is not the aim of my learning Thy Grace? O how to get at it, Almighty Lord?"

Thus he hated mere verbomaniacs and rued the incongruous life of world-men :

"All-containing plenary abundance of Bliss, people know crude logic, they know how to fill the stomach by tossing their mind earthward and heavenward. They know tartufism. They know to mutter something heartlessly. They have learnt the lore of confusing and deriding others. They know how to drive a trade by book-lore. They can hiss up the air to display breath-control, reddening their eyes. Frail in conduct, they know to babble about the superiority of their own creeds. But who knows Thee, Oh Fullness that plays differently in all religions?"

Tayumanar saw the hata-yogins, controlling breath and twisting their bodies. He saw religious quarrels; he saw men quarrelling about the God whom they cannot even imagine. He sought solace in the Unique One who is all and all in all.

He invoked His grace day and night.

## CHAPTER VII

### ROYAL SERVICE

Kediliappa did not live to see the brilliant manhood of his son. He joined the majority

while yet Tayumanar was in his teens. His father's death intensified his yearning for spiritual freedom. "With this body, I must attain liberation", this was his resolution. But the King would not leave him to himself. "Dear Tayumanar, serve me in your father's place; be my brain" said he. Tayumanar had to obey the king. He fulfilled his state duties to the entire satisfaction of the king who loved him more and more. His Rani, Minakshi, fondled him. She was ready to do anything for him. People liked his gentle manners and benevolent heart. He did his duty for duty's sake; but his heart was aloof from the distractions of state affairs. He saw what the world was and took lessons from what he saw.

Those were troubled times. Trichinopoly was a field of conflicting foreign forces. The glory of to-day was swept by tomorrow's cannon shot. The throne was shaken by invasions and revolutions. Political perfidy, diplomatic machinations, local treachery, social furbelow, royal indolence and religious impostures disrupted the harmony of life everywhere. The marauding Maharatta hordes and the invading Nawab's forces were lurking in ambush at the vicinity. The clatter of enemy swords debilitated the courage of the Naik force. Tayumanar saw with open eyes the danger of

kingdoms disrupting in dissipating pleasure. The whole kingdom was a web of spies and a trap of enemies. The friends of today became the foes of to-morrow. None can play with fire without being scorched. Tayumanar did not like to be caught into this political turmoil. He witnessed a thousand golden hypocrisies: He sang:

"O perfect Masters of Vedanta, Siddhanta and Raja Yoga, equal-visioned, steadfast in meditation up the golden cloud-crowned Meru, Hail! Conquerers of the self, how can I describe the hypocrisy of the worldly, O how? They waste their precious time in eating and sleeping. They pretend to piety. Even the blind see their cunning pretence. When shall hypocrisy be curbed once for all?"

The saint pitied the desire-entangled humanity:

"O Perfect Bliss inseparably filling all the space, there is no end to human desire. Rulers of lands fight for supremacy over the seas. Even the richest seek the aid of alchemy to get richer still. The long-lived wander about anxious for life-prolongers (Kaya-kalpam). Deep thinking proves all this to be an eat-and-drowse affair. People say that what they now have will quite do,

hunting at the same time for more and more of sensualities. Let me not fall like them. Grant me, O Blissful Lord, the state of Pure Consciousness."

Tayumanar despised the mere life of vital desires and sex indulgence. Yoga was his deep aspiration.

"Materialists believe the lightning-like body to be everlasting. They imagine pleasure with damsels with dark bewitching eyes to be real delight; They take high-storied mansions for heaven. They deem heaped gold real wealth. These sham impostors discord patient *askesis* and spiritual knowledge. Let me not follow these avaricious devils, O King who saved me with the One Word. Hail, Master of Mantra, Tantra and Yoga! Hail perfect, silent Master!"

Thus Tayumanar, doing royal service, was thinking of the Divine in his heart and praying for the favour of a perfect Master that can reveal the truth unto him. The Guru seeks the seeker.

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE MASTER

One day Tayumanar went up the rock-temple for his daily worship. There he saw a great Yogin. He was one of the great Jnanis that came in the line of Sri Mula Siddha. At the very sight he knew his ripe soul and Tayumanar found out the real Teacher. The disciple fell at the feet of the Master, shedding tears of joy and poured out his heart in sublime hymns :

" Hail, perfect Master of mantra, tantra and yoga, silent Master. In Thy peaceful presence, even the tiger befriends the cow. Even the wild elephant will bring logs for your holy fire at the least beckoning. The divine cow would invite thee for a repast. Thy effulgent face will attract the heart of perfect Masters of Yoga, who will greet Thy friendship. Even sages like Suka and Vamadeva will praise Thee. Earth and heaven worship Thy feet; how can words hail Thy glory? Hence I surrender myself silently at Thy feet, omniscient Master!

The Master blessed him graciously, took him alone, and accepted his devotion. He directed him to follow the *Revelations of Meikandar*.*

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* This book has been published by Anbu Nilayam.

" Master " said the disciple, " I shall follow Thee, renouncing home and royal service ." " Wait, good soul ! '' admonished the Teacher, " Be a householder until you beget a child. Then I shall come to initiate you in meditation. Be silent. Rest in peace ; keep quiet ; have faith. You will reach the supreme state of Bliss ''. Having said this, the Master went away. Tayumanar shed tears of joy and gratitude at the love of his gracious Guru and sang :

" I have no words to praise Thee, O Divine Master ! Thou hast cut off the bonds of vital desire ; thou hast kicked my egoism away. Thou hast swallowed my wandering turbulent mind, as an elephant swallows rice-balls and have made it vanish. Thou hast raised me above body, home, money, woman, lust and sensuality sought by rank materialists. In one word, thou hast taught the unique harmony of Vedanta and Siddhanta. O Perfect Master, Thou art the Path, and the Light that guides me to the divine goal. Pleasure and pain shall to me be simply equal. I shall keep calm and peaceful, waiting for Thee at home ! "

" Gracious Master, let not arrogance spoil the effect of my surrender unto Thee. The devil arrogance, worse than vain egoism, deludes

the intellect; shakes the balance, loses control of the tongue and babbles in self-sufficient pride, 'I am everything! Siva, Vishnu, Brahma and all deities are my equals". It sits like the centre-bolt of a moving car; it rises not to respect elders. "Who can equal me? I am unequalled master" thus it says, even like Ravana. It holds sway over the inner kingdom, the heart's vastness, and influences all existence. How can I, Thy frail slave, fight this unruly force rising up in myself against me every moment? Thou hast taught me *Silence*, gracious master! Let Silence quell this enemy, arrogance!

"Gratitude, O Perfect Master of Yoga! Thou hast planted me in Silence. Thou hast brought me up like a strong elephant. And this elephant has broken the fetters of desire; it has kicked off the pillar of arrogance; it is fed with the knowledge of self-identification; all attachments have dropped to the ground through its trunk; it has torn off the veil hiding Thy face; it keeps Thy Chinmudra (symbol of Jiva-Siva union) alone in its hand now. It bathes in the flood of consciousness-bliss; it is growing perfect in Thy grace. Hail, Master of Yoga! All this was effected by Thy fragrant Divine Essence poured into me. Hail, Supreme Silent Guru!"

Thus, melting into prayers of gratitude, Tayumanar followed quietly the lead of the Inner Master.

## CHAPTER IX

### LIBERATION

The free soul, hungering for the inner delight, cannot live in the limitations of a royal court. Its proud pleasures are flimsy shows of vanity. It is a place for flatterers and not for sages and seer-poets. Tayumanar would make his life a song-offering to the Divine of his heart. He would live in the Divine, for the Divine. He lived in tune with the Infinite and would not seek the lightning smile of royal favour. He would be the king of the Spirit's kingdom and never a slave of the worldly empires. He would enjoy the soul's birth-right.

"I may be living in the odourous gardens of heaven, drinking their cool streams, bathing at proper times, strolling in court-yards kissed by breezes, gentle like damsels. I may enjoy the full moon bright like the daylight. Feast of nectar may feed my hunger. Fairies may garland me,

smear my body with sandalpaste, give me betel and entertain me with thrilling strains. I may indulge in pleasures until sleep lays me down. Even if I lead such a hedonic life, O Satchidananda Shiva, Omnipresent Lord, let me not for a moment forget Thee. All-pervading Bliss supreme, let me live in Thy consciousness".

Thus Tayumanar remembered the Divine in all the changing phases of life. He aspired for grace and never for gold. He sang:

"Nectar-feast, lodging in the heavenly gardens, ride on the white elephant in Indra's world, brilliant career of fame, are all mad men's illusion. You have taught me to throw them off. Silent Master, Thou hast removed the veil of illusion and fixed me firm in the self. Hail, Splendour of absolute bliss! Hail, Abundance of pure knowledge, Unique Reality of the Vedas, Heaven-showering Bliss, Delight inseparable from life Power that cherishes Truth! Hail, Freedom! Hail, Divine Essence rare to attain! Hail, radiant Light!"

As knowledge dawned upon the aspirant, he rose above mythic imagination of mental poets, coloured exaggerations, fads, creeds, cults and dogmas. Faith in the inner reality gave him

force. Force fructified into grace and grace into knowledge. He drew the mind from the wandering senses into inner recollection, and contemplated upon the pure reality which he was. He discriminated the Spirit from the body of nature. He internalised his attention, intensified his concentration, controlled his thoughts and lulled his mind to meditation. A dynamic peace possessed him. He worshipped Truth and not Mamman. His heart widened into a deep compassion for all. His equal vision saw one soul in the king and in the subject. He universalised the individual. Life in harmony with the Divine was eternal springtime; life in separation was cyclonic winter. His brain thought, his heart loved, his Vital liked nothing but the Divine.

"O, my silent Master, crown of knowledge, Light of freedom, AUM, limitless Consciousness, ever as Thou art, O Truth invisible to false hearts! Thou hast marshalled all the elements, all things, fixed and moving; Thou hast revealed the Vedas, and the philosophies like the Saiva Siddhanta. Thou art Thyself an equal-visioned Silence beyond all religions. Thou hast done wonders; but hast Thou no sweet ray of Grace for me to make me attain Thee?" Thus he yearned.

The invincible Grace heard his heart-beat. It influenced the king. Chokkanatha was a devotee of Siva and lover of saints. He saw a holy saint in his secretary, Tayumanar. "Tayumanar" said the king one day, "your pilgrim soul seeks the inner temple. I see the hidden light flaring up in your emotional symphony. We see the world with a thousand-eyed mind and are deluded. You see the spirit of things with one-eyed heart. Can the myriad-eyed night equal the one-eyed day? Your soul hungers after the supreme Reality. State service is a hindrance to your aspirations. Waste not your days in politics and diplomacies. You are no more the king's servant; the king is your servant. Come, I shall raise a peaceful Ashram for you, and you can fix yourself in yoga there". "I am grateful to you, O king; God has heard my prayer from *your* heart. I am liberated; thanks" said the saint, as he repaired to the banks of the Kaveri to continue his continuous meditation. The king raised for him a fine hermitage in a thick grove on the river bank. The king served the saint devoutly.

# CHAPTER X

## THAT IS MOTHER

The saint was all self-absorbed. The mind was nullified, like a burnt camphor, in the flames of self-consciousness. Body-consciousness was lost in the Infinite Spirit. The body changes and falls, like the petals of a flower. The immortal Spirit rises up at the magic touch of the Divine Energy generated by deep ingathered meditation. The saint became himself and realised the Self of all throbbing in his heart. He felt the pinch of hunger when any one was hungry. He shivered, when a poor man had no clothes for the winter.

One day, the king offered him a very rich shawl worthy of a prince. Just that moment an old harijan lady passed by shivering in cold. Tayumanar gave the shawl to the lady, saying "Mother, you need this more than I; accept this". The king felt somewhat insulted and demanded an explanation.

*King*: Swami, I gave a fine shawl for your use and you have presented it to an unworthy old hag of low caste. Why so?

*Tayumanar*: No caste, no hag! I gave the shawl to the Universal Mother! It is She who has received back what belonged to Her.

*King*: Saint, you are right; excuse my ignorance.

The king bowed to the sage of equal vision and went away. From that day, he gave food and clothes freely to the poor. "My eyes see Thy vision; My hands worship Thee in work; My tongue sings Thy name and mantra All the five elements and all embodied lives are Thy Grace-forms" sang the sage.

## CHAPTER XI

### SILENCE MEETS SILENCE

The great silent sage, *Sadasiva Brahmam*, sanctified the atmosphere of India, in those days. He was a true yogi, a real Jnanin, a Jivanmukta steeped in self-conscious trance. He never stayed under any roof, the wide sky being his limitless roof and earth his endless home. To see him was to know the Real. His songs were already popular among the learned. On his way to Pudukottah, Sage Sadasiva met Tayumanar. Their meeting was like the meeting of Vedanta and Siddhanta. His Guru had already taught him Silence. And Tayumanar saw the mystic spiritual

dynamic Silence embodied in Sadasiva. The sage wrote on the sand "Silence is Knowledge". That was a revelation to the seeker. The disciple of the sage read to Tayumanar the works of Sadasiva. Tayumanar drank deep of the Vedantic lore. From that time, he became a Siddhantin-Vedantin. He found out the synthetic basis of the two great systems of philosophies.

"O Supreme Reality, Thou art Bliss; and to meditate upon Thee, in utter inner silence, is my freedom" sang Tayumanar.

The time was troubled by plots of enemy chiefs and by open skirmishes. Now the Maharatta cannon thundered and now the Musalman powder exploded.

Peace was in exile and war tyrannised over the land. Traitors betrayed their trust. Secret enemy spies created divisions in the camp. Hypocrisy smiled friendship. King Chokkanatha was a good man but not a good king. He called to his help, anybody and everybody. The only true helper was the Tondaman of Pudukottah, a brave hero who guarded the Trisirapuram fort with the help of the invincible Marava heroes. But he trusted too much a double-dealing Iago who sent a secret spy to the sabre-rattling

Maharattas. The Maharattas had politics in their brain and courage in their heart. One night when everything seemed quiet, the fort entrance opened: the main door swang aside; trumpets were heard; guns reported; cannon boomed; the Maharattas were in the heart of the city. Treachery had betrayed the king.

Chokkanatha was chocked with grief. He must either become his enemy's prisoner or die, shedding blood in fighting an overwhelming force. Chokknatha would do neither. He shouted aloud the name of God: "Siva, Siva, how false is this world! How full of danger sovereignty is! How heavy is the crown! Man has a treacherous tiger in him. How can I trust human nature? I take refuge at Thy feet. Do Thy will! Siva! OM, Sivaya namah!" The King died of broken heart at once (1682). The pathetic scene inspired the Naik army with new courage. Raghunatha Raya Tondaman, the famous king of Pudukottah, took charge of the task of guarding the fort; vigilant swords and cannon kept the Maharatta hordes at bay. The Tondaman crushed the enemies within the fort, whose plots were heading to a conflagration. The dread of war being over, Rani Minakshi, the widow of Chokkanatha, assumed sovereignty (1731–1736).

# CHAPTER XII

## THE LOVE NOOSE

The first man to attract the queen was Saint Tayumanar. "Holy Sir" implored Queen Minakshi, "I am helpless and alone. You are the only wise man whom I can trust. Your head and heart alone can save the kingdom. Its welfare depends upon you. Come and help me, in the name of my husband who loved you so much!"

The saint took pity upon the helpless queen; he felt obliged to do his best to maintain peace; and restore order in the realm. Under his influence, treachery was knocked down, like an uprooted tree. The den of misrule became a haven of order and discipline, under the control of Tayumanar. The Rani was all regard for him. But her regard, carried passion into her youthful heart with every look, of hers at him. His beauty of person, his strong will, wisdom, sagacity, political acumen, religious fervour, austerity and sweet words, all worked like a magic upon her imagination. Regard turned into affection, affection into love, love into lust, and lust inflamed his beauty of person, the hidden passions of youth

in her uncontrolled mind. She treated him no more like a mere servant of the state, but like her close companion. The friendship ripened into love; and she approached him alone one night with a pining heart, with passion-lost modesty. She stood before the meditating saint like an image of love-lorn beauty. The saint knew her wiles.

*Tayumanar*: What has brought you here, queen, at this hour?

*Queen*: My heart has brought me to you, sir. I offer myself to you in surrender. I love you.

*Tayumanar*: But I love none but the Divine in my heart.

*Queen*: Sir, consider me as your wife

*Tayumanar*: I consider you as my Mother. Mother, do not test me. I am your simple child.

*Queen*: My lord, I dedicate my life to you; embrace me now, or I shall embrace death.

*Tayumanar*: That shall not be, Mother. O God, save me from the noose of lust. Divine Force, save me from this flashing sword of lustful eyes. Let not my purity be killed by its sharp and venomed edge.

*Queen*: My beloved sir, I shall give you all my wealth; love me.

*Tayumanar*: Woman, your wealth is filth.

*Queen*: I surrender my kingdom to you.

*Tayumanar*: Your kingdom is your war-dom Leave me in peace. Away!

*Queen*: My man, it is the Queen's order; obey me.

*Tayumanar*: I obey only the KING'S order. The King of my soul is God.

The Rani cast a lust-lit look and departed like storm-driven lightning. Her love changed into wounded pride; she meant harm and the saint knew it.

Next day, she was determined to force him to her will. She ordered one of her ministers, Narayanappa, to bring the saint to her private apartment. The minister went, saw, came back and reported that the saint had made away, his whereabouts not known! She sent spies abroad. But before Cupid's rage could avenge itself, civil war raged in the kingdom; Chanda Sahib assailed her capital; conspirators and opportunists shattered her peace and the minister himself rebelled against this woman of intolerable

pride and suspicious conduct. We shall see the result of these political upheavals later on. Now let us trace our saint.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HOW DID HE ESCAPE ?

Where was he? How did he escape the guards and the spies? Silent, aloof, meditative, Tayumanar had watched the play of the egoistic forces in the royal court since the sudden death of the king. He lived from within. The queen's sycophants thought the honest saint a stumbling block on their way to power. How can the blind men know the sun? They knew that the Rani loved him. So, they made the queen believe that Tayumanar was love-mad within, pretending outward sainthood to deceive the world. Influencial talebearers, wicked slanderers, double-tongued flatterers, who won her favour, poured gentle venom into her heart. "O queen, I sounded his heart today; it is flaming with passion for you. O Power, he closes his eyes just to adore your image installed in his soul. O Beauty, just meet him alone and he will fall at your feet; he is

your slave; see that today!" Thus the cunning courtiers calumniated the saint and made the queen go to him with overtures. The saint knew these evil bipeds; he knew the nature of the worldly; he heeded not the dagger-looks of jealousy, the frowns of insolence, and the nuisance of talebearers. With a calm self-gathered inner strength, he was prepared for the coming events. Daily, he was making himself ready to leave the capital. He had two trusted disciples. Arulayya, the first disciple, had the gift of clairvoyance: "Master, the talebearers are working out a plot that would cost you either your sainthood or your life. So, I am removing the family property to Vedaranyam. It is under the Maharatta king of Tanjore. These people cannot go there." The saint nodded his assent. Arulayya quietly removed all valuables and treasures to Vedaranyam along with merchandise. A speedy horse was kept ready for the saint outside the fort. That particular night, the saint dressed himself as a Naik soldier and escaped despite watching eyes. The horse was ready; Arulayya was there to do everything. They quickly crossed the boundary of the kingdom. And then Tayumanar, in the robes of a wandering sannyasi, joined a party of monks bound for Rameswaram. In those days,

the Maravas of Sivaganga and Ramnad raised the standard of national independence against the alien power that usurped the throne of the Tamil Nadu. Even up to the end of the eighteenth century, the brave Maravas fought for national freedom and gave shelter to political refugees. It so happened that the party which opposed Rani Minakshi hatched its plot in the Marava territory, from Sivaganga and Ramnad. So Tayumanar made haste to reach Ramnad where he could live unmolested by the Rani's men. The king of Ramnad received the saint with due reverence and gave him a garden home for the practice of his yoga.

## CHAPTER XIV

### GRATITUDE, MOTHER !

Tayumanar went to Rameswaram and there dedicated thrilling psalms to the Universal Mother who saved him from the dangerous lust of the Rani : " Mother Uma, beloved of Siva, let me not lose my senses in the strong passionate lure of women, in their thin waists, winning gait, fish-like eyes, milk-like words, crescent foreheads,

silken robes, perfumed cosmetics, painted beauty, jingling feet, swelling breasts, charming poses, and enchanting manners. Let me steep my mind in self-knowledge, in patient tapasya, in keeping holy company. Let all my love be transformed into devotion to the Divine, and my thoughts into self-reflection. O Mother, let my eyes see Thy feet alone. Le me not wander in vain after ephemeral pleasures. Universal Mother, Thou hast struck at the root of my egoism. I am Thy simple child. I take refuge in Thy Grace. O divine Ecstasy of my heart! Luminous Vastness beyond the limitations of religions! Let not these troublesome devils of the senses wandering after the elements, let not the human intellect, the demonaic emotions of lust and anger, spoil my concentrated self-conscious Bliss. Nothing is impossible for Thy grace. Land, gold, children, friends, status, renown, and immortality shall be his who has Thy grace. Thy Grace can awaken the Sun of self-knowledge; Thy Will can make even the material body youthful and death-proof. O Vastness of knowledge that has absorbed all religions, even like an ocean which swallows all rivers, O Vedantic Silence, Sound-principle, swallow my intellect and give me peace in Thy Grace!

"I lived in opulence; I watched silently; I learnt silence; let me be That" said the saint. He forgot the past in self-absorbed meditation. He opened his mouth only to sing the divine Glory. He entered the inner solitude, plunged into inner silence, and settled in the deeper Self. He kept his self level, even like the ocean which overflows not by the inflow of rivers and which dries not by evaporation.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE SAGE AS A HOUSEHOLDER

In the meantime the political turmoil in Madura and Trisirapuram ended in a tragedy for the Queen. Rivals joined the Nawab and brought about her downfall. Chanda Sahib ravaged her kingdom and imprisoned her. She drank poison and died. Tayumanar saw the tragedy of selfish pride, greed, vanity, ambition and treachery that made a hell of human life. He saw the fate of uncontrolled lust. He saw the rival forces endanger kingdoms. But his way was now free from the queen's spies.

Just at this time his elder brother, Siva Chidambaram, came to Ramnad; he persuaded

him to return to Vedaranyam, where he could live conveniently and carry on his yoga. Tayumanar started with Arulayya, visited Madura and other pilgrim centres on the way and reached ed his native place, Vedaranyam. The village received its sage with temple honours. Tayumanar entered his ancestral mansion. There, a bride awaited his arrival. His relatives entreated him to marry her and to show the world how one can be a yogin and a householder at the same time. There was the word of his Master too. The Brahmacharya life of Tayumanar was so disciplined, he was physically and spiritually so strong that his soul can live in communion with the Divine, wherever he might be. So, the saint married the chosen bride, the fair and chaste Mattuvarkuzhal (meaning 'lady of flowing fragrant tresses'). Both lived like life and body together. They got a child who was named Kanakasabhapati. Tayumanar initiated his wife in Yoga and meditation, after the birth of their child.

Man is the same Divine essence as woman. The difference lies only in the body and in the mind of emotions. Otherwise, both are equal spirits. The spirit of both is God. Mind, the vital life and the body are simply garments of the

God in the Spirit. Get in; gather in the mind; plunge into the heart; go deeper and deeper and touch the Spirit; then open your eyes and see. You can see the same Spirit that you yourself are throbbing in the other sex too. You will then enjoy beauty of the sex just as you enjoy the beauty of a fresh lotus floating like cups of the divine smile on waters. All bad vital emotions come from outside and attack the mind. Close the door against all evil influences; then, the mind and heart can rest in the pure peace of the soul. This is done by purity of thought, of word, of deed, of companionship, of food, of drink and of sleep In all these necessary functions, keep to the ideal of holiness and purity. Then the soul will be crystal-pure. Keep the witness-attitude towards thoughts that move the mind. Do not wander with them. Watch the breath coming in and going out. The thought-centre is the same as the breath-centre. To control thoughts, breath-control is a great help. Do ten pranayamas in open air before the rosy dawn and meditate for half an hour. Do likewise before the rosy eve. This will suffice to tame the mind and emotions and to restore perfect peace. The concentration is developed by self-fixity and that by studying and listening to holy books and by

keeping holy company. Pure sweet and substantial vegetable food, twice a day at the call of hunger, will do to keep the body strong enough for a disciplined life. You must be very careful about your diet, its purity, quality and measure. Do not give occasion for constipation and irritation. Peace and holy thoughts are as sweet for the mind as milk and fruits for the body.

The sex energy is meant only for the propagation of the race. A little suffices to do it. The energy must never be wasted. The sex function must be carefully limited to the getting of progeny and must not be indulged in for its own sake. Sex can be controlled day by day, by family men, by means of meditation and worship. Let the husband regard his wife as Shakti, and the wife regard her husband as Shiva. Let them worship each other in that attitude of mind and meditate together for half an hour at dawn aud dusk. Then, day by day, they will learn to live in pure spiritual devotion and forget the evil vital passions that spoil their health and disturb their thoughts and distract their soul.

Tayumanar and his wife lived such a life of purity and meditation. He read to her such ancient books of wisdom as the Revelations of Meikandar, the hymns of Appar, Sambandar,

Sundarar, Maniccavachakar and Karaikkal Ammaiyar, the lives of saints and sages, etc. He dedicated song-flowers to the Divine every day, and explained them to his companion in life. They lived simple frugal lives and gave liberally to the needy. Tayumanar, like his father, supervised the local temple. He made it thrill with the songs of the saints and with Vedic chants.

But unfortunately, Tayumanar's wife suddenly passed away one day, saying, "Lord, renounce the world after completely educating my boy and placing him well in life and not before. Let my soul be in Thee!"

The sage Tayumanar was faithful to his duty as a father and to his wife's last wishes.. He educated his son, Kanakasabhapati, in spiritual and secular lore, put him in the charge of his elder brother and waited for the next command from the Master of his life.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE MASTER'S WORDS

Tayumanar was now soul-free; he kept himself aloof from home and possession. He gave away a part of his wealth to his son and another

part to charitable endeavours and a third part to the temple, keeping for himself only the wealth of divine Grace. He took refuge in the divine Grace and waited for his Master every day. The time was ripe and the Master came one day when he was meditating before the vast sea near Vedaranyam. Tayumanar fell at the feet of the Guru and sang :

"Master, by Thy grace I am liberated from all physical and mental ties ; life in falsehood, desire, envy and lust has disappeared. Knowledge and virtue seek me every day. My heart has the joy of holy company by Thy grace and my mind is free from 'I' and 'mine'. My Master, moral purity, virtuous conduct, steady posture, ingathered concentration, silent meditation, these serve to raise up the cosmic force in a Yogin. When this force,opening the psychic centres,reaches the white lotus at the top, the nectar of immortality flows down from the moon-plane there. Let my brain enter that high plane of superconscious trance and drink deep of the nectar of immortality and let my whole body become nectar. Give me, O Master, that Siddha Yoga which can fulfil this great aspiration of mine. Let me ever live in the immutable, unknowable Bliss which is the Truth."

The Master graciously looked at the ripe soul and said, " My darling, your time is come; your psychic being is ripe enough to receive that yoga.

" My dear son, hear from me the ancient wisdom taught to humanity by Sri Mula and Satyadarsi and a host of other saints.

" The world of manifold appearances is the multiplicity of one Divine Energy. It is a play in five acts, creation, preservation, destruction, self-absorption and salvation. The play is kept going on by the Conscious-Force, at the Will of the Witnessing Shiva, the Lord of all. Shiva is All-in-all, all-blissful, all-containing and impersonal. Shakti or the Conscious Force (Arul), Grace, is His personality. He is omnipotent, omnipresent. He is the Life of lives, the Thinker in the brain, the Feeler in the heart, the Seer in the eye, the Hearer in the ear, the Breather in the lungs and the Speaker in the tongue. Without Him, there is nothing. He does everything through His conscious Force or Grace and remains ever an unattached Witness, far beyond the world of modes and dualities. He is as He is. Just as rays spread from The Sun and give light and warmth to the world, Grace radiates from the Divine and plays upon the world. There is no language without the first vowel A; there is no

world without God's Grace. He is the unique One, there is nothing to be compared. with Him. He has no Avatar, no birth, no death. What is called Avatar is only the descent of His Grace (a little of it) in purified souls. Such souls, too, must not be regarded as the Supreme God. They are lights that lead us godward. It is pure egoism and vanity to declare oneself as the Supreme Divine, born to save the earth or do wonders here. For, the Divine is unborn, that which is born dies and, by the ties of Karma, is reborn in another body. All embodied creatures have the taint of egoism, lust and delusion. All are tied to the results of good and bad acts. He, she or it, everyone, everything, bends to His grace. Everything is an embodiment of That. The mundane world emanates from the Divine Will and evolves from the lowest inertia to the highest superconsciousness according to the results of the two-fold karmas. The sower reaps the fruit of his seed. The field is as it is. Just like the husk which covers rice, dirt which stains copper, salt which is in the sea water, the three stains of egoism, delusion and action are in the soul. These form an impression in the mind and the soul departs with it to another birth. Freedom means freedom from these triple stains.

The body is the mechanism of the Maya-shakti, the illusive Force of multiplicity of the Divine Grace. The care of it is in the soul which is moved by the Divine Grace. Grace holds it like a magnet which keeps within its attractive power, a piece of iron. The soul is a different separate entity from the body, from nature. The soul which is conscious of the Divine Grace, enjoys peace and bliss and freedom. The soul identifying itself with the mental-vital-material body suffers bondage, and the pangs of birth and death. The mirror cannot reflect forms without light. The soul cannot act without Grace. The soul by the force of the Grace behind it, rules as a king over the body, with the mind, intellect, emotive mind and egoism as its ministers. Waking, dream, deep sleep, trance, supertrance are the five states of soul-consciousness. In the superconscious trance, the soul feels its identity with the Divine and attains divinity. The Jiva then enjoys the bliss of Shivahood. The sun causes seasons, day and night; but it is quite separate from them. Even so, the Atman is separate from the mind and its modifications. The soul must feel this and be conscious of its eternal unity with the Divine. This conscious living in the Divine is Life Divine. Without the

Divine Consciousness, there cannot be Life Divine The soul attains Divinity only through the Grace of the Divine. That Grace descends in the form of Consciousness. The ordinary physical eye cannot see the Divine. The inner eye must be opened by Grace. That alone can subtly feel the Divine conscious presence in the soul. The mind is externalised through the senses. It must be internalised and concentrated in meditation. With unflagging patience, forbearance, belief and constancy, the aspirant must practise meditation with all the purity of his heart and one-pointed fixity of his mind. Thus, when the soul detaches itself from the dross of the sense and the mental modifications, it approaches the Divine centre and Grace takes possession of the pure Soul and reveals it the conscious presence of the Divine. The soul must become red-hot in this Divine consciousness; then it becomes a shining gold and at last a crown of divinity. The first step is mental purification and concentrated devotion; The next is constant meditation and inner fixity. By this the soul feels its at-one-ment with the Divine Truth which is the quintessence of its being. Then it sees the same Divine essence in the universe of beings. From self-consciousness, the soul widens into cosmic consciousness.

"Dear one, you have touched the reality; keep these in mind and renounce everything for the sake of Divinity. Plunge into yourself. Take a pearl-diver's plunge into the heart. *Be centre in* and there is the Divine Grace to lead you on. Go hence to Chidambaram; Meditate upon Lord Nataraja, the symbol of perfect Divine Truth. Worship Him daily, with hymns and he will lead you on! Shivoham! Shivamayam!"

The Divine Master, then initiated the faithful disciple in superconscious trance, poured his energy into him and watched his progress for a few days.

Maharshi Tayumanar received the words of the Guru with all the sincere devotion of a true seeker, expressed his deep gratitude in sublime verses and worshipped at his feet:

"I was like dirt-laden copper in this dingy body. Thou hast set ablaze the flames of Knowledge in me. Thou hast melted my soul in those flames repeatedly In ripeness of time thou hast transformed it with the touchstone of thy grace. Thou hast changed it for thy service, into shining gold of the highest carat. How can I repay thy gracious love! Gratitude, O Master! Thou art the Divine Light centred in my knowing heart

and in the heart of seekers like me! Thou art the supreme Liberator! Thou art the crown of Siddhanta. Hail, Master of Bliss-Conscious dynamic Silence!"

## CHAPTER XVII

### AT CHIDAMBARAM

A thrill of joy shoots into the heart as the aspirant thinks of Chidambaram, the centre of South Indian God-lore, sanctified by a galaxy of saints. Tayumanar stood there in the entrancing presence of Lord Nataraja. He bathed in tears of supreme bliss. He forgot himself in trance. His consciousness ascended the peak of self-identification. He poured his heart into thrilling hymns of brilliant Knowledge:

"Superconscious Ether, Vastness of Turiyananda, Divine Bliss, Absolute Truth that is realised by lovers steeped in Yoga, O Friend of my pilgrim soul, hail! Thou that art all-pervading like perfume in a breeze-kissing flower, hail! O all-sweet Ananda, Life of all lives, limitless Consciousness, Lord of the temple of Grace, Thou hast at last revealed Thy presence in me, inseparable One!

There is no treasure higher than Thy Grace. I have kicked off all other treasures as negligible rubbish. I am full in Thy fullness. Thou art the Ocean into which countless religious streams empty themselves. O beginningless, endless Vastness, rare for the Vedas, rare for the different warring creeds, rare for thought and word, Thou art felt only in Silence. Ocean of formless impersonal immaculate Bliss, far beyond the ken of imagination, omniscient Witness of the universal play, One that hast become the many, O Light, Ether, Matter and Spirit of things, O Time, Space, Father of all beings, Origin of all objects, O plenary Abundance of Grace, O Purity, O Power that movest animate and inanimate beings Hail! Hail, Delight!

" Every religion hails Thee as its God. Thou art beyond the religious creeds that speak in terms of I and mine. Thou art known only when all these are silenced in the peace of trance. Having found Thee, one finds no more religious difference. For everything is Thy fullness and nothing exists without Thee. All these differences in the world are born of the Ego 'I'. When the 'I' shoots up, then mind, essence, body, elements, world, the triple entities of the seer, seen, sight, knower, known, knowledge, remembrance, forget-

fulness, actions, results, bondages and religious sadhanas, schools of philosophy, logical discussions, arts, sciences and an infinite train of multifarious things arise and trouble the peace of the individual. This 'I' must be burnt away like a camphor hill in the flame of Thy Grace. Then nothing shall be left in me except Thyself. To drag me away from the noose of this illusive 'I', Thou camest as a silent Guru. Hail, Supreme! Thou hast made me realise that I am not the body, the senses, the mind, the intellect, the modes of nature, but that I am crystal Consciousness. Mind and other things are only reflected in that crystal. Thou hast initiated me in a dynamic Silence that alone can lead me to the temple of Grace where I can realise Thee. There, in Thy temple, I lost all the superficial thoughts of I, mine, body, space, time, causality and every alien thing in and out. I have realised there the Truth as it is for ever. My ignorance has been swallowed up in Thy effulgence, as darkness is by the daylight. Thy Consciousness allows no more occasion for the insurgence of any other entity. It has left nothing behind. It has consumed all, as fire consumes camphor. There is neither knower nor known nor knowledge; the trinity of separateness is no more. What is

left in me now, who can say? O that Bliss, that Super-conscious Delight! Aye, they know That who are That, none else! Gracious One that hast steeped me in the Delightful Thee. I know no separation; I know Thee alone, not even me. Thou art in me and everywhere like the vast ether. O Father Shiva, how sweet Thou art, O nectar, O Supreme Light, Supreme Secret worshipped by Maniccavachaka, Tirumula and countless Siddhas! Unique One in the many, blessed be Thy Grace! Hail, Truth-Light! Hail Grace-Light!"

Tayumanar was steeped in trance for a month or two at Chidambaram and then went on a pilgrimage to Arunagiri, Kanchipuram, Tiruvotriyur, Tiruvarur, Madura and other places before he finally reached Rameshwaram.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### FINAL BEATITUDE

The world's life depends upon rain. Those were days when rains did not fall and famine raged fearfully. Tayumanar meditated before the Lord Ramanatha at Rameshwaram for the

welfare of the country; and then looking up the heavens, he sang a song:

> If the blissful Divine is Religion's acme,
> If the Divine wears the moon of nectar-Grace,
>
> If liberation is, to be steeped for ever in beatitude
>
> Of the All-blissful Self, conquering the five senses,
>
> Then, O heavens, shower rain to cherish the parched earth!"

As if the heavens heard and approved of his song, the clouds gathered; lightnings flashed; thunder roared; and the nectar of rain poured and poured until the tanks were full and the fields were green and famine was no more. The Raja of Ramnad and his subjects worshipped the Maharshi and brought him to Ramnad in a palanquin.

Tayumanar rejected all royal honours and preferred to spend his life in a garden hut in Lakshmipuram. Even like Lao-Tse, the silent sage of China, Tayumanar entered into deep trance never again to think of the external world. From that highest state of divinity, he poured out

his spiritual experiences in verse. He wrote them on palm leaves. His disciples Arulayya and Kodikkarai Jnani copied them and sang to the public. The songs spread like wild fire. The sage did not like publicity. He wrote in silence and lived in silence steeped in identity with the Divine Silence. His mission was fulfilled. The purpose of his embodiment was over. He prayed for a strong body only for self-realisation and at-one-ment. He was now in perfect union with the Divine, immersed in that consciousness. Practically, his body was dead to him. So he willed to shed it off. He entered into his samadhi-room and closed the door, leaving a note outside on which these words were written :

"Dear friends, withdraw the mind from the senses and fix it in meditation. Control the thought-current. Find out the thought-centre; be quiet there. Then you will be conscious of the Divine Self; you will see it dancing in ecstasy. Live in that delight. That high Delight, Consciousness, is the God in you. He is the unique One. He is in every heart. You need not go anywhere to find Him. Find your own core and feel Him there. Peace, bliss, felicity, health, everything is in you. Trust in the Divine in you. Entrust yourself to His Grace. Be as you are.

Off with strange thoughts and past impressions. He who lives from within an ingathered *soul-life* is a real saint, though he may be a householder. He who allows his mind to wander with the senses is an ignoramus, though he pretends to be a sage. See as a witness, without the burden of seeing. See the world just as you see a drama. See without attachment. Look within. Look at the inner Light, unshaken by mental impressions. Then, floods of conscious bliss shall come pouring in and around you from all directions. This is the supreme Knowledge; realise! *Aum Aum*!"

The disciples read this with great joy and meditated at the door of the room. There was no stir inside; it was very late for supper; Arulayya gently called, knocked; no response. Suspicion made them break the door open. Ah, what did they see! The body lay there; the face was smiling as usual; but the Soul that was the real sage had flown away like a bird from its cage. It was on a full moon in the month of January 1742 that Tayumanar entered the final beatitude. 15th January is this Saint's day. The disciples, the Rajah and the local worthies adorned the body, took it in procession, paid their last honours and buried it, singing his hymns.

The real Tayumanavar, His Spirit, still endures and shall ever live in his soul-thrilling hymns. Hail Tayumanar!

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE MESSAGE OF TAYUMANAR

Books there are in plenty, perpetually pouring in torrents from the printing press. Many are mere words, words spun round a few ideas. Some are big in size but poor in substance. Some are books on books and some merely bookish. Some are a monotonous fads and pet rigmaroles. Scarcely a hundred can be said to be thoroughly original and of eternal interest as reliable guides to collective living. The Upanishads, The Gita, The Bible, The Light of Asia, Shakespeare, Sufi Sadi's Gulistan, Tirukural of St. Valluvar, Valmiki, Tulsi and Kamba Ramayanas, Mahabharatam, The Revelations of Satyadarsi, The Hymns of Tayumanar, Maniccavachakar and Ramalinga are the most precious books of eternal value in world literature. The hymns of Tayumanar bring high solace to life; to hear them is to elevate life and soul. To live them is to enjoy the highest Bliss in spiritual

consciousness. They are dynamic song-thrills that spark out of the Bliss-centre. Even a song a day will do to elevate human life towards Divine transcendence. "The Gospel of St. Valluvar" will come out in our series. It contains a translation of the Holy Kural. In this Holy Gospel, St. Valluvar lays down the Laws of Ideal Living for all humanity. We know from his profound teachings how to love, and live in all prosperity at home and in the world as supermen. Kural is the Scripture for the Superman's ideal existence. Righteousness, politics and love are its three parts. "The family man who lives as he ought to live is a veritable God-man": This is its teaching. It shows light to householders and exalts saints of true renunciation. Tayumanar, on the other hand, is an out-and-out scripture for Saints and Yogins. Its message is for the ordinary devotee and the highest superconscious sage. It covers the entire field of Yoga and Jnana from the lowest Dasa-marga to the highest Satchidananda state. It brings high solace to householders purifying their mind and heart. It feeds the flames of Divine communion in conscious Yogins. There is not a single Tamilian who does not sing Tayumanar and find joy in it. Every home cherishes it. Every mother puts her child

to bed with its soothing symphony. It is unfortunate that such a spiritual treasure should have been confined to a limited area. It is a pity that the world outside the Tamilnad does not know even the name of Maharshi Tayumanar. This word Tayumanar (Tamil) means, 'he became the gracious Mother (in helping me).' He was indeed that to me and he shall be that to the seekers from other nations also. I can never dream of translating his inimitable rhythms in alien languages. They must be heard in the original. Even his highly technical language does not easily lend itself to translation. I shall try my best here, just to present his message and soul-experiences in simple English. The style of my translation follows the plain, naive and sublime style of the Ecclesiasticus. The philosophy of Tayumanar is based upon the revelations of Meikandar; The reader should go through "The Revelations of Meikandar" and then take up this book.

"Come humanity, come collectively to enjoy the bliss of Eternal life in Divine consciousness. No caste, no religion, no country, no division in the camp. Come all! The Divine Bliss is nobody's monopoly. It is for all creatures. Love deeply with all the fervour of your heart. Love

the Unique One, the Equal Lord of all lives. He lives in you. He dances in your heart-centre. He calls you from within. Hush up your clattering tongue. Ingather the wandering senses; concentrate your self within, meditate in untramelled peace. You will find yourself and the One who is the Life of your life. Live in His consciousness. Live in Him and move in the world untarnished. Then nothing can disturb your peace. See him in everything; then you will be all love all heart, all joy! Nothing will injure you. Live in cosmic consciousness. That is Divine Life, Eternal Life; that is the blissful aim of man who is the embodiment of God". That is the message of Tayumanar. Many fine hymns have been included in the earlier pages of this book. I shall translate some more hymns here.

# CHAPTER XX

## TAYUMANA UPANISHAD

### 1. LET US MEDITATE

Let us meditate upon that supreme Light, limitless Space, super-conscious Abundance beyond the mental plane, That immaculate unique

Reality devoid of caste, pedigree, birth, death, bondage, liberation, form, name, attributes, etc. Let us meditate upon That which lives and moves in everything, everywhere. Let us meditate centred in Its Grace!

## 2. MAY WE SALUTE THEE

Showering tear-pearls from pairs of fervent eyes, may we salute the Life of our lives, here and there and everywhere, the perfect Bliss of those that are free from I-and-mine. May we salute the superconscious Existence ever free, unattached, the Delight of the heart, sweet like honey, and the triple fruits of mango, plantain and jack and sugar candy and nectar!

## 3. O SOUL OF SOULS

Thee some religions call, Mother, O Mother!

Some call aloud, O Father, Father, hail!
Some with empty ignorant ravings hold
To this and that without any ideal!
A few besides hail Thee, the Unique One,

Ineffable Light, boundless Space,

Sound, Centre, Goal, and peerless One,

Triune Time and dynamic Monad.

These and beyond, Thou art,

Thou Immutable Gnosis, eternal Bliss!

O Soul of souls, here and there and everywhere!

Thou all-pervading Essence true!

How can we poor selves scan

The glory of Thy universal play?

## 4. WHAT IS THAT?

None can say here or there; It fills all space with Grace; It is resplendent everywhere. It is the fullness of Bliss. What is That?

It has the Will to contain infinite worlds in the vastness of Its power; It flourishes as the one Life of all lives. What is That?

It is not caught in word or mind. What is That?

All the manifold religions indulge in endless wranglings about It, saying 'Verily, It is our God, yea, It is ours'. What is That?

It is spoken of and discussed everywhere, It is impartial; It is the claim and content of all creeds. It is an eternal Bliss-Consciousness. What is That?

What is That which transcends the limits of day and night?

It is That which is agreeable to my heart, It is that which is my ideal. All I see is That. Let us meditate and adore That, the omnipresent vast Silence!

## 5. NO DIFFERENCE

O Supreme, on sounding the heart of varying religions, I see one harmony running through all; I see no difference. I see nothing but Thy play in all. Finally, I see everything flowing into Thee, like streams into the Sea, O Vast Silence!

## 6. THOU, IN THE FLOWER!

I will not worship Thee as a form, O gracious Lord dancing in ecstasy in my consciousness. Thou art inconceivable!

Thou art there in that flower that I see; my mind dares not pluck that dewy flower.

As I join my palms to worship Thee, my heart blushes to see Thee within me. My salute is but half-done; how can I worship Thee in full?

Hail Heaven, Elements, Sound, Veda, Vedanta, supreme Quest, Seed and Sprout of self-reflection! O my Eye, my Heart, the Core of my thought! O Silence which liberates! O Gracious

Lord dancing in ecstasy in my conscious Self, Hail!

## 7. I AM, WHEN THOU ART

I offer my fervour to Thee crying, "Pure modeless supreme Light, Ocean of Bliss, my shining Gold, my precious Gem, my Love, Knowledge that crowns that Love, Delight that flows from that Knowledge". I sang and danced in thrilling ecstasy joining my palms. Tears rained from my eyes and I swooned in emotion. Do you not hear my prayer? Am I away from Thee? Can even the iron-hearted thief be away from Thee? I am, when *Thou* art; I am Thine for ever. I may be a little straw for all the world; but Thou who art in me always, how canst Thou desert me? Take me into the assembly of Thy servants, O Supreme Lord!

## 8. MY ACT IS THY ACT

My act is for ever Thy act, O Perfect Bliss that pervades all that I see! Even this 'I' and mine, are Thine alone. Hence I am none but Thine, I am Thyself. This is the synthesis of the Vedanta and the Siddhanta. To find out this reconciled truth I strove and strove, O how arduously! Let not ignorance shake me from this equipoise. Let not illusion stain my purity.

My heart is afraid if some stain of Karma would entail my rebirth. Give me, O Lord, the sword of sincere faith and boldness to cut off bondage. Give me Thy protection for my spiritual safe-guard.

## 9. NO CONFUSION

Some say, Maya that absorbs elements is the original substance.

Some others hold That as Substance into which the senses and sensations quiet themselves.

Some hold the antahkarana (inner instrument) as final.

Some say, That is when modes of Nature vanish.

Some say, It is Sound-form,

Some say, it is Bindu, Energy.

Some say, It is the central I; some say, It is form.

Some say, Seek and see the Grace.

Some hold it as the centre of Oneness where multiplicity ends. It is spoken as God's Power, say some.

Some say, It is a vast Nihil without beginning, without end.

Thus through mere book-lore, people rattle their tongues. Thus the mind is rendered mercuric.

How can the agitated mind enjoy fixed meditation ? Thou art, O Abundance of Delight, inseparable and omnipresent.

## 10. GNOSIS ALONE AVAILS

No world-wide pilgrimage of pious devotion, no sea bath, river bath, no fasting, no mortifying tapasya, no living upon air and water and dried leaves ; no practice of silence, no cave dwelling, no nerve-cleansing practices, no pranayama, no holding of breath in the cerebral moon-plane, no drinking of nectar that flows thereby, no taking of life-prolonging drugs to immortalise this mortal body—only Self-knowledge avails. Gnosis alone confers Thy supreme Bliss, O Master of conscious delight.

## 11. THINE IS ALL

All are Thy servants, Thy creatures. Everything is Thine. All acts are Thy acts. Thou art omnipresent, declare the Vedas. The speechless sages too realised this. All masters have declared this. I know very well that I am Thine. My sad plight is due to my negligence of this

well-known path of surrender. This too is by Thy will; Thou hast taught this ignoramus a lesson from the heart. Instruct me, gracious Lord, the way to reach Thee, to realise Thee as All and All-in-all!

## 12. THE INTRUDER

Thou hast taught me to see Thy omnipresence in the peace of Silence. But poor me! I have raised a home, I eat cooked food; I read books and prattle impractical knowledge; I trifle with time. I mistake the day for the night. I am nothing but for Thee; I am inseparable from Thee. This knowledge I have. But realisation? Mind comes between and I suffer division not knowing how to control the mind. Gracious Lord, when shall I conquer the mind and be identified with Thy Grace?

## 13. NON-INJURY

Non-killing removes many a flaw. O Supreme Bliss, killers of life are full of the defects of anger, prejudice, cruelty, egoism, hypocrisy, ignorance, obstinacy. Ah, how many defects! They will never walk the path of compassion which leads the soul towards Thee. They will not follow the virtuous path, but they will run after evil company. Their mind is restless, their efforts futile. They

have passionate attachment for the illusory body. Omnipresent Lord, let not Thy devotee suffer from these defects! Let him never injure any life.

## 14. VITAL DEFECTS

How much book-lore have I learnt! Yet my mind is not in my control. Egoism, the sense of I and mine, has not changed. a bit. Attachment to objects is still strong in my mind. I have no charity, no compassion. Not even in dreams have I had moral virtue and tapasya. Not a single truth comes out of my mouth. I preach to others, peace and silence, but continue a restless prattler. The world has never seen a store-house of evil like me. Gracious Omnipotence, how can you reform me?

## 15. KEEP ME QUIET

Even the rock melts one day. Wilt Thy stone-heart never melt to my prayers? Art Thou, God, meant to exact pitiless rigour? Can there be flaw in the saying that the Almighty Will is a flowing channel? If Thou art hard, who will be soft towards me? Thou art bound to descend and save me, just as the blessed clouds save earth with their downpour. O Heaven! Is a mother justified in forsaking her son however bad he be?

Where is he to go? If my word is false, I shall fall from Thy Grace. I speak truth, O Purity! There is no good in mere talking. Grant me the joy of keeping quiet in meditation, O Light supreme, O Ocean of Delight!

## 16. MIND-CONTROL IS HARD

We can tame mad elephants; we can muzzle the mouths of wild bears and tigers. We can lift a lion on our shoulders; we can charm a cobra to dance to music; we can turn base metal into gold by alchemy. We can walk incognito, invisible; We can command heavenly beings; we can have immortal youth; we can enter other bodies; we can walk on water; we can step into fire; we can attain to unique miraculous power. But, O God who is the Knowledge in my mind, O Splendour of delight, it is very difficult to control the mind and be quiet even for a second.

## 17. WHY I?

Immortal Truth, Nectar-delight of gnosis that pervades all the manifold existences, unique Self which is the Self of all, O Thou sweet like milk, honey, fruit and sugar! Thou art all. This is the Truth. Why didst Thou then place an 'I' into me? Why didst thou burden me with this carnal load 'I' arising out of good and bad

acts? Why didst Thou give me a heart that does not cohere with life? Set me right, O Lord!

## 18. MY LIFE

Thou who art the Life in me, wouldst Thou not remove the cares and anxieties of my mind? My heart knows no thought besides the thought of Thy profound Grace that saves Thy devotees.

## 19. ATTRACT ME

Attract me to Thy feet, O Supreme, like a magnet which attracts iron. Let me not divert my attention to aught else. Give me the sweetness of devotion to Thy feet. Make my eyes flow with tears of love. I am mad after Thee, O Lord!

## 20. WORSHIP

Thy vision is my sight; Thy service is my worship; gentle words are mantras. All lives are Thy Grace-Forms embodied in the five elements. I adore Thee who art That.

## 21. GIVE ME THY GRACE

Thy Grace will do for me, O Lord. If I am granted that, my falsehood, greed, jealousy and all my evil will shatter away. Truth, wisdom, service of the holy and all other virtues shall be mine. If I have but Thy grace, my cares and anxieties shall end.

## 22. BOTH ARE ONE

One Divine Will sets in motion all the worlds even like spinning tops. Know this and act in the Divine Grace ; then family life is as good as an ascetic life.

## 23. LIKE A WAVELESS SEA

Blessed Heaven, Thou pourest floods of limitless delight into wordless superconscious Yogins. O Sun encircled by the rays of supreme Grace, my humble self would take refuge in Thee and remain a lucid wave-free ocean of limitless trance. Lead my intellect to this delight !

## 24. THEE ALONE

O Supreme eternal Truth, Thou art the crest-jewel of all spiritual intuitions recorded in the Vedas of different religions. Thou art AUM ; Thou art Existence, Consciousness. Through Grace, Thou playest as all that is. Thou art Justice ; Thou art beyond all attributes. Supreme Truth, Splendid Light, I meditate upon Thee alone, upon nothing else.

## 25. I AM SPEECHLESS

He, the Divine-I, the perfect One, rose in my heart like a splendid Sun. At once, my Ego-I, the cause of all troubles, blushed and vanished. The

Divine-I dazzled away my lightning knowledge and filled my being with a vast delight; how can I open my mouth in the entrancing silence of that wordless Bliss!

## 26. THE MOTHER KNOWS

The Mother alone knows what a child means; she alone knows the birth-pang; how can a barren woman know it? They alone get tears and sobs of ecstasy who have attained to supreme Bliss. How can the hard hearts of others melt in tears?

## CHAPTER XXI

### O SUPREME TRUTH!

1. Grant me Thy Divine Grace, O supreme transcendent One, so that in my compassion I see myself in all.

2. Wherever I turn my vision, there in each living thing Thou art, the Life of that life; Is it not so, O Supreme?

3. There none is so poor, so weak, so humble as myself and none so rich and so mighty as Thyself, O Supreme Divinity!

4. Who am I but for Thee? Who thinks in me? Who throbs in my heart? None but Thee, O Supreme! Can there be conception without the mother?

5. I have no other thought but that all should live in Thy Delight; For Thou art all, O Supreme!

6. My heart is the temple; my remembrance is the fragrant incense; my love is the shower of holy water. Come, O Supreme, accept my inner worship.

7. No attachment shall be for me if this deluding world stands not between me and Thee. If this veil between us falls, I shall be delightfully Thy own Self.

8. To know the self, to follow Thy Grace-Light—this is the way to know Thee, O Supreme!

9. However dear they be, I care a jot to befriend the egoistic who do not raise their hands to Thee in prayer.

10. Thy devotees sing Thy name, they dance in ecstasy and seek delight in Thee, such is thei sadhana, O Supreme Truth!

11. Devotees free from I-and-mine, see Thy sanctum from any corner, any place; Thou art omnipresent universal God, O Supreme!

12. Unto them is Thy bliss who rest in the peaceful self undisturbed by book-learning, discussion, attachment and heart's emotional throb, O ineffable Supreme!

13. Thou art the Lamp of delight, O Supreme Truth, burning effulgent when the thinking mind melts off like camphor.

14. Those who remember Thee in their intimate communion with Thee, will never sink into the ocean of vital desires, O Supreme Purity !

15. Is it true that Thou art everywhere ? Then why should I wander here and there without attaining Thee as I am in the Self, O Supreme Divine ?

16. Hail supreme, delightful Honey welling up in my heart and overflowing in all directions !

17. Hail, invaluable Jewel enclosed in the gemmed box of Silence which contains all heavens !

18. Grant me the delightful trance, O Supreme, which alone can quench my thirst. Ah if this body falls, what shall I do ? I must enjoy Thy bliss even in this body, O Supreme !

19. They alone who are free from egoism have the bliss of enjoying that sleepless sleep in trance, ever swimming in Thy conscious bliss, O Supreme !

20. Even words and explanations are a burden to those who are all-conscious, steeped in trance day and night, O Supreme !

21. Self-knowers shall have attachment to none else except Thee, Lord of all selves, O Supreme!

22. Thou appearest, O Supreme, in the form of our meditating heart.

23. Earth and Heaven bow to them that have seen thee in their hearts, O Supreme!

24. I shall serve those that see themselves in all lives and all life in themselves, O Supreme!

25. Virtuous are they that injure not lives; I know not what they are who dare to kill lives.

26. My mission is to spread the gospel of non-violence, non-injury, throughout this world among all nations, O Supreme!

27. Why does this stealthy mind throb and jump like a devilish monkey stung by scorpion?

28. Book-lore without realisation is like children's make-believe. They fancy grains of sand as rice. Their rice has no use for my hunger, O Supreme!

29. Can wealth and the iron-safe where it is stored accompany the soul, O Supreme!

30. No doubt assails them who, free from what is false, realise the Conscious Truth which is Thyself, O Supreme Reality!

31. I think that every act is Thine; even that thought is Thine, O Supreme Consciousness !

32. Can any one dig a well with cheating words and quench his thirst thereby? Can any enjoy the Divine Bliss by logomachy? Never. Silent trance alone can quench the thirst, O Supreme !

33. The day I was made to feel my ignorance, that same day, I got thy Grace which makes me live in inseparable harmony with Thee, O Supreme !

34. O limitless One, how dost Thou limit Thyself to the lovers' mediating heart, to their song and to their entrancing love? Wonder !

## CHAPTER XXII

### O SWEET PARROT !

1. O sweet parrot, hidden in my heart, He knows all my secrets; what need I say and how can I say it?

2. Would he care to know my credentials, O sweet parrot, He who has no native place, no name, no parents, no relatives?

3. O my charming parrot, go and tell my Lord to come and embrace me in utter secrecy, without anybody knowing it.

4. He who has no attributes, who is beyond words and thought, who is all bliss, would He condescend to sooth my pining heart by ceaseless embrace, O my Parrot dear ?

5. The earth sleeps and the heaven and all nature is sunk in rest ; but my eyes sleep not, O sweet parrot, out of love-pangs ! I do not demand jewels, those false jewels, from him. I want the Truth which is Himself, O Parrot ! I do not want to enclose Him in limitations, Let Him embrace me in limitless consciousness, O Parrot !

6. My secret Lover, even without a hand-gesture stole into my heart directly. How is it, O my dear parrot ?

## CHAPTER XXIII

### O WHEN ?

1. When shall I realise the Divine Grace without being torn to pieces like a garland in the hands of the monkey-mind, O when ?

2. The ego-I must fall away and the Truth of the One who is the Divine 'I' in all, must flash in my heart, O when ?

3. Just as people see things at night by the lamp-light, I must see the supreme Truth by Truth-Light, O when ?

4. To the inquisitive who demand 'How is it, that limitless supreme Bliss?', I must give a dumb wordless response by a transmission of that Conscious Bliss, O when?

5. When shall I plunge into that blissful Delight which floods my heart to the utter satisfaction of my long longing, O when?

6. When shall I dissolve, like salt in the sea, into the perfect wordless bliss-consciousness of my gracious Lord, O when?

7. Like fire in red-hot iron, when shall I shine with the splendour of pure Consciousness-Bliss, O when?

8. Without thinking, without muttering mantra, without any effort, when shall I be seeing the Supreme One even without the burden of sight, O when?

## CHAPTER XXIV

### GRANT ME!

1. Whatever I do must be Thy action, Never mine, O Supreme Divine! When shall I have that perfect identity in life, O when?

2. Omniscient, Thou knowest me in detail. Then why not straight remove my troubles without my prayers? Are my entreaties necessary to Thee, O Supreme?

3. Sole Friend of my life, rare Remedy, what loss will be Thine if Thou callest me to grant Thy bliss?

4. Just as a blind man groping his steps suddenly gets back vision, shall I not get Thee to stay as the Knower in my knowledge, removing dark ignorance with Thy splendid Light, O Supreme!

5. I worship then and now all forms as Thy presence, O Lord! Have meıcy on me and grant me cosmic consciousness.

6. O Wealth of Grace sought by poets and singers, hail!

O Beauty that danceth in the Hall of Wisdom, hail!

Thou knowest the agony of my love for Thee, O Eternal! Step into my longing heart, O Grace!

The universe of beings is Thy own form, Thy multiplicity, O Bliss supreme; then who am I but Thee?

O Thou that hast possessed me with the love of a mother, Thou hast restored me to myself. I meditate upon Thee without whom I am nil. Hail, Supreme!

7. O Heaven filling my vision, Knowledge sought by seekers, O path that leads me on, O

Silence that the ignorant do not know, O Supreme blessed Seed of freedom, limitless Bliss; O Bounty, Tapasya, I think of Thee to forget my self.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THIS IS THE HOUR.

There is no use in running through forests of passion after the restless monkey-mind ! The One, the Many, the Life of lives, the Compassion, the supreme Light danceth in hearts. This is the time, O humanity, to seek the Love that alone can bring His Grace ! Come together ! Do not entangle yourself in false creeds. Come, let us form ourselves into one Divine Communion, one Divine race in the vastness of Bliss-Consciousness !

See ye not crows eating together ? Limitless flood of supreme conscious Bliss overflows everywhere in perfect harmony of Divine consciousness. Before this body falls, let us feast upon that unique Bliss. Come, O Humanity, collectively !

# ERRATA

| Page. | Line. | For | Read. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 10 | 18 | Tayumanavar | Tayumanar |
| 14 | 18 | cannot | could not |
| 14 | 19 | who is all | who was all |
| 15 | 21 | furbelow | furbelows |
| 17 | top | Tayumanavar | Royal service |
| 18 | 7 | his ripe soul | the ripe soul |
| 25 | 16 | by shivering in | by, shivering with |
| 46 | 10 | Master, | Master |
| 46 | 21 | repeatedly | repeatedly. |
| 48 | 15 | beings Hail | beings, Hail ! |

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